

103 W. Springfield St.,  
Boston, June 4, 1879.

My dear May,

With all my heart I will do, to the best of my judgment, what you ask. On getting your note, late yesterday afternoon, my first thought was to procure the Weekly Transcript,- which, it was announced, was to have a full account of the funeral services, with Mr. Phillip's Address, revised by himself. This I obtained this morning,- and have sent you a copy. The other speeches, except Mr. P's,- it seemed to me hardly had justice done to them. My next step was to see Wm. and Frank Garrison,- whose judgment, as to the best published account of their father's career and its close on earth, would naturally influence, if not control my own. Wm. gave me the Semi-Weekly Journal and the New York Times:- the last he thinks best;- and both of these papers he sends to you. He, acting for the rest of the family, has sent those two papers to all the British friends that occurred to them:- and, among those mentioned by you,- to Miss Estlin, Miss Wigham, & Mrs. Nichol; they now gladly added the two other names in your list,- Wm. H. Channing and Samuel Haughton, Esq; and we, accordingly have sent the papers to their addresses, as given by you,- Wm. furnishing papers and stamps,- and I directing them.

You, no doubt, noticed in the delivery of Mr. Phillips' Speech, his arraigning the very pulpit in which he stood, as illustrating the savage hate which Mr. Garrison had to encounter from Ministers and churches, as well as politicians and business men. These re-

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marks of Mr. P. in a speech so noble & wholly worthy of the occasion, were distasteful and painful to the children of Mr. Garrison, who, if any such personalities had been anticipated, would at once have declined the hospitable and courteous offer to occupy that church,- not as a church, but as a mere hall.

Mr. Phillips, perhaps, did not recollect the delicacy of the situation. The pastor of that church,- for years as a near neighbor,- had been in friendly relations with the family,- had joined their daughter to her husband in marriage,- had spoken words of sympathy & condolence at the funeral of Mrs. Garrison.- The late Mayor Cobb, another near neighbor, and a leading member of the Society, had volunteered the use of the church for this occasion,- Mr. Garrison, or his children, would never have asked for it;- but, being thus offered, it would not have been Mr. Garrison, who after receiving such courtesy, would consent to make such a return for it as came in Mr. Phillips' Speech. If adherence to principle was to call for the rebuke,- adherence to principle would have at once declined the courtesy,- and more, it would have repelled all previous approaches to friendly intercourse. It promises, I fear, a little unpleasantness; for Mr. Phillips is not willing to have his speech go, with a single word altered or suppressed, into the Memorial pamphlet, which the children are desirous of preparing for their father, somewhat like the one so happily got up, as we all remember, in memory of their mother. It may result in their having to give up the Memorial pamphlet altogether.

My dear friend,- how well you have expressed the sense of



bereavement and loneliness which the death of Mr. Garrison has brought upon us two. I can not realize it. It seems as if I must see him & hear him and grasp his hand again. What a blessing to us to have lived near to such a man as long & as intimately as we did. His soul imparted, and our souls received truth & inspiration which have enriched us for all time. Such qualities of character,- such moral elevation,- such unswerving faith in truth and right,- such entire unselfishness,- such genial heartiness in intercourse,- such serene composure of spirit,- except when, like Jesus, he encountered wrong masked as right,- such love and tenderness for wife & children,- O, my friend, how many, within the last week, have said all this, and more & better, again & again; and yet it comes to us as freshly and naturally to say it again, as if no one had said it before.

I shall be most happy to visit you at some time when it may be convenient;- my wife feels herself to be too feeble to think of it. I remember with great pleasure, my visit to your house, and the kindness & thoughtfulness of your wife & Bessie,- Ada not being then at home.- Mr. Garrison cannot be with us again in person,- but whenever we meet, there or elsewhere, we shall assuredly have his memory in our hearts and on our tongues.

Affectionately, your obliged & grateful friend,

Robert F. Walcutt.

